

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Wanted.

A hat for the head of a fountain.
A glove for the hand of fate.
A shoe for the foot of a mountain.
A link from the chain of debate.

A spoke from the wheel of fortune.
A chip from the "pole" of the South.
A drink from the fountain of knowledge.
A word from the river's mouth.

A drink from the cup of sorrow.
A look from the face of the storm.
A stroke from the arm of justice.
A ring from the finger of scorn.

A knock at the door of repentance.
A throb from the ocean's heart.
A glance from the eye of a needle.
From Cupid's bow a dart.

—Boston Gazette.

A CLEAR CASE.

Frank Vanbrugh held a good appointment on the staff of the *Daily Argus*, and always had more literary work on hand than he knew how to get through; he might, therefore, be considered a "rising" man. He had written a little book of essays, and the critics had told him that he had a style—which is perhaps the highest praise that critics deal in nowadays. On the other hand, his one-volume novel had been pronounced crude; morbid and over-ambitious, and had gone through three editions; whence it may easily be seen that he was on the road to popular success. He began to know this, chiefly by the kind of circulars that now reached him in half-penny wrappers. They used to be advertisements of patent fuel, new stoves, or outfitters' warehouses; they now prove to contain notices of press-cutting firms, and booksellers' catalogues—a significant change. "Is this fame?" he once asked himself, when he was requested to send his photograph and a sketch of his early life to an American newspaper. On second thoughts, he concluded that, although it could not be called fame, it might mean success, and he went on his way rejoicing.

But even moderate success like his has its drawbacks, as he discovered, to his cost.

Like most journalists he was not a very early riser, and it was with a feeling of distinct irritation that he heard one morning while he was still in his bath the announcement of a visitor.

"Coming," he roared through the door to the adjacent sitting room, and proceeded to dress himself in a leisurely manner, wondering meanwhile whether this early caller were a printer's devil or dun.

He looked a personable young fellow as he came out of the room; of middle height, muscular, brisk, erect, with a keen hawk's eye, dark hair that curled wherever it was long enough to get a chance, a quick, bright manner, and a smile that was very attractive. His air of health and joyousness made him a curious contrast to the stranger whom he found in his sitting-room: a man who might be any age between 39 and 50, sallow, worn, indistinguishably fatigued-looking, with a long, fair mustache, a down-trodden look, and decidedly shabby clothes of somewhat foreign cut.

He made a profound bow when Vanbrugh entered, and stood clasping his picturesque felt hat to his side in an attitude of humble expectancy, while his host, glancing at him carelessly, asked him to be seated, and himself took his usual place near his desk.

"I am ashamed to intrude upon you," said the man, speaking in a low, fluent voice, not unpleasant to the ear, "but the fact was that Messrs. Mallings recommended me to call upon you."

"Eh?" said Vanbrugh. He suddenly remembered an account that he had lately seen in the papers of a man who visited authors with false testimonials and messages from publishers, and he wondered if this were the man. Certainly Messrs. Mallings & Son were his publishers. "Have you a letter from Mr. Mallings to me?" he asked rather sharply.

The stranger lifted his hand deprecatingly. "Not from Mr. Mallings," he said in a gentle voice, "but I have a letter to show to you. Mr. Mallings said that I ought to show it to you. He was very kind; but, of course, he could not find me work to do. It is work that I am searching for, sir, and unless I find

it I dare not think of what will happen to my wife and children."

The paper in his hand bore an engraved crest and address with which he was well acquainted. He turned to the large page to see the signature. It was one which he well knew, and the letter, addressed to Mallings, the publisher, gave a glowing account of the bearer's abilities and past achievements.

"Your name then," said Vanbrugh, keeping his eye on the letter—"is Charles Simmonds?"

"Yes—yes—at your service, if there is anything I can possibly do for you. I have had nothing to do for the past three months, owing to an illness from which I have only just recovered. If you had any copying—"

"But I don't want anything copied," said Vanbrugh, in a rather perplexed tone. "I do all my work myself. And I don't know, but perhaps—if you called at the *Daily Argus* office to-morrow about four or five, I might have heard of something."

He was almost abashed by the man's eager gratitude. "You give me new hope," he cried, starting up as if he could no longer endure to remain seated. Then his face fell; the fire died out of his blue eyes; his hands fell helplessly at his sides.

"My poor wife, my children," he muttered. "Must I go home empty-handed again? Sir, if of good goodness you could lend me a poor half crown I will faithfully—"

"Oh, good Lord!" said Vanbrugh, shocked more at the smallness of the request than by anything else, and touched also, he scarcely knew why, "here's a trifle—if you make any use of it—you needn't mention it again—it is nothing."

But they were two sovereigns that found their way into the visitor's long, lean hand.

"I suppose it's a genuine case," said Vanbrugh to himself, rather ruefully, when the impecunious literary man had taken his departure and the donor of the sovereigns had had time to reflect upon his gift and the very effusive burst of gratitude that had followed it. "It sounded real enough. And that letter from James Desmond—that was certainly in his own hand. However, when I've time I'll go round to Mallings' and see what they know about him. He had light on the subject before he went to Messrs. Mallings. He turned into his club that afternoon and met Desmond, a writer of some repute, upon the steps."

"Oh," said Vanbrugh, after greeting him, "what about that man Simmonds you sent to Mallings?"

"Simmonds, my dear boy? Capital fellow, very clever, died a year and a half ago."

"Eh?"

"Oh, I see," said Desmond, falling into a roar of laughter. "I've heard something of this kind before. There's a man going around begging under that name isn't there? And you've been hit? How much did he get out of you? Motley gave him five pounds."

"I didn't lose so badly as that," said Vanbrugh, trying to laugh too, "but he had me, I must confess. Then he didn't come from Mallings?"

"Bless your innocence, no. He's a swindler, my boy, a downright swindler."

"And a very clever one. I wish I could get hold of him again!" said Vanbrugh, grudgingly. "A clear case of the worst kind of theft."

He had his wish rather sooner than he anticipated.

A few weeks later in the season he was taking a short cut to the Strand through some of the narrower and less frequented streets near Drury Lane, when his attention was caught by a figure on the pavement which seemed vaguely familiar. Where had he seen before that shabby, jaunty figure with the soft felt hat, the indescribable air of poverty-stricken picturesqueness? Vanbrugh had an eye for likenesses; in another minute he held the man by the arm. It was the swindler, indeed—the so-called Charles Simmonds himself.

But the man was more agile than Vanbrugh thought. He turned a white, terror-stricken glance on his captor, then wrenched himself free and dived down a narrow lane on his right hand. Headless of con-

sequences, Vanbrugh dashed in pursuit through the crowd, but the man was evidently well acquainted with the mazes of the streets, and was speedily lost to view. Vanbrugh, perceiving his pursuit to be useless, stopped short, and found himself in a narrow alley, which his instinct told him was "dangerous." The sinister folk who lounge about it belonged unmistakably to the criminal classes. As he had no mind to be despoiled of his watch or his purse, he shrugged his shoulders and prepared to depart, but at that moment his eye was caught by a face which peered at him from an upper window and another retreated—the very face, with its long, fair mustache, of the man of whom he was in search. Vanbrugh, as will be evident to every reader of these pages, was not a prudent man. In at the open door of the house, and up the common stairs he dashed, quite heedless of the probability that he was rushing headlong into a den of thieves. He had as quick an eye for locality as for likeness, and knew at once the exact position of the room at the window of which he had seen the pseudo Simmonds. He went straight to the door, threw it open and walked in.

He looked around and stood aghast. No man was in the room at all. It was tenanted only by a tall girl in black, who sat at a table on which stood a machine.

As soon as Vanbrugh looked at her and met her eyes he felt vaguely taken aback. Why, this girl—in spite of her shabby clothes, her sewing machine, her poor surroundings—this girl was a lady. Her pale face was exquisitely refined. Her hair shone like spun gold above her common gown. Her eyes were so proud, so sad, so calm, that Vanbrugh's gaze fell beneath them.

"Do you want anything?" she said, and her voice was the voice of a lady, too.

"I beg your pardon," said Vanbrugh, removing his hat. "I thought I had tracked a man to this room—a swindler, a thief, whom I have long been in search of, but I was mistaken, perhaps."

"There is no thief here," said the girl, briefly, and began to work her machine as if to put an end to the colloquy. But her face had crimsoned and then turned white.

Vanbrugh made one step to her side, and put his hand on her wrist. "You know where he is," he said, sternly. "He has passed through this room. Ah, there is a door—"

He dropped her wrist, and would have stridden to the little wooden door which he had not at first observed, had not the girl, casting aside her mask of calm and quiet, thrown herself upon him and barred the way.

"Oh, stop, stop—if you have any mercy," she cried, "don't follow him—don't go that way. I know what you have come for—but it is not altogether his fault—oh, won't you listen? won't you be merciful?"

Vanbrugh's position suddenly struck himself as humiliating and ridiculous. He had wanted to catch the swindler, certainly, and had rather thought of giving him a thrashing instead of handing him over to the police, but it was absurd to be implored in this manner, as if he were a monster of cruelty. Of course the girl was the man's accomplice—but she was a very pretty girl.

"Merciful!" he said. "You seem to know all about it. This man who calls himself Simmonds—what is his real name, by the way?"

She looked at him mutely, and he understood that he would get no answer to that question.

"What is your own name? Can you tell me that?" he asked with more roughness of manner than he quite meant to show.

"My name is Dora Simmonds," she answered, and he could see that she was trembling.

"The wife of the man that I am looking for, I suppose?"

"No," she answered, while the blood surged to her brow and made her for a moment a living image of shame, "his daughter."

Vanbrugh's face seemed to have caught a tinge of color from hers. He felt the shame of her heart as if it had been his own. "Forgive me," he said, at last, in his impul-

sive way. "I—did not understand. I will go."

He had scarcely reached the door before she stopped him. "If you will tell me," she said, "what my father took—from you, I'll pay it back—indeed I will. If I work my fingers to the bone I'll pay it back—and then you will perhaps—not wish so much—to punish him—"

"I don't wish anything. It was only a trifle—a mere nothing. Don't think of it again."

"But I must think of it," she cried, clasping her hands together. "I must think of it—I cannot bear my life unless I try to undo the harm that he has done."

Vanbrugh's heart swelled with pity. But even as he tried to think of words with which to console her, she covered her eyes with one hand to conceal her tears, and shut the door suddenly in his face.

"I wonder—have I been taken in again?" said the journalist, as he descended the rotten stairs.

A few days afterward he found in his letter box a little packet inscribed with his name. It proved to contain ten shillings, and a business like indorsement: "First installment, Dora Simmonds." A week later a similar packet was left in his box, and then Vanbrugh vowed within himself that he would find out more about the girl, whose name yet lovely face had begun to haunt him in his dreams, or die in the attempt.

He sought out the street in which she had been living, but she and her father were gone. He made inquiries in vain.

At last, by pure accident, he came upon her as she was descending the stairs that led to her rooms. It was twilight and he caught her by the arm.

"I have found you," he said. "You have been putting that money into my box again."

He spoke almost angrily, and the color came into her pallid face—more pallid, more worn by suffering than when he had seen her last.

"If I did," she answered, "it was the right thing to do."

"Did your father—tell you?"

"Yes."

"But he—did he—"

"I earned the money," said the girl, with a resentful flash of her eyes, "earned it honestly, by needlework, if you wish to know. My father was glad for me to pay it back. He—he had been tempted—and I am sure he will not do anything like it again."

Vanbrugh thought of Motley's five pounds and felt doubtful. "How did he come by that letter?" he asked. "Is his name Charles Simmonds or not?"

"Charles Simmonds was my uncle. The letter was written about him, and my father—he has made use of it—twice, I believe," she answered, her voice sinking into low accents of grief and shame. "It was all for my sake—he could not bear to see me working hard—and now he is overwhelmed with grief and contrition."

Vanbrugh reflected that so good an actor as her father could not doubt make her believe what he chose. There was a colder tone in his voice as he said:

"Bring that letter to me so that he cannot be tempted again, and take back your money, Miss Simmonds."

"You do not believe me! You do not believe him!" she cried, vehemently. "But I will bring you the letter. He would starve rather than use it again."

She flung away into the darkness, and Vanbrugh felt ashamed. By one of next day's posts the letter from James Desmond was returned to him but without a word from Dora or her father. Yet Vanbrugh managed to intercept her when she brought the last installment of the money, though how he managed to do it no one ever knew.

He began abruptly: "I feel degraded by taking this money from you. I would sooner—far sooner—that all I had was yours, Miss Simmonds, will you marry me?"

"Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Vanbrugh?"

"I love you with all my heart, Dora."

"It is impossible. You don't know anything about me."

"I know that you are the noblest

girl in the world. But I do not love you for that; I love you because I can't help it. I have loved you, I believe, ever since I saw you first. Can't you care for me a little, too?"

He tried to take her hand. Dora drew herself away. "I shall never marry," she said. "My father—He was not like it once," she broke off to say tremblingly, "but he gambles—and you know what that means."

Yes, he knew, but he knew also that Dora loved him, and he was content.

Nevertheless he might never have called her his wife, had not her father's career been cut short. He fell under the hoofs of the omnibus horses one slippery, rainy day, and was carried to the hospital only to live a few hours. Vanbrugh joined Dora at his side, and hand in hand, they watched and waited during the last moments of the gambler's wasted life.

In spite of Dora's representations, it must be confessed that Vanbrugh had always looked on her account of her father's penitence as a pious dauntlessly fiction. And so he might always have thought had not the dying man opened his eyes at the last moment, looked him in the face, and raising himself up by one supreme last effort to say a word in Vanbrugh's ear.

"Forgive!" he said, and sank back on his pillow, dead.

It was always Frank Vanbrugh's opinion afterward that his wife's pitying estimate of her father's character had been truer than his own.—*Woman at Home.*

A DECREE OF SILENCE.

When Allan Davis married Luella Clark, persons who were not consulted in the matter—as very few were—wondered what he saw in that girl to fall in love with; not her beauty, certainly, since she had none; nor her intellectual graces, which were few and far between; nor her amiable character, for she had a sharp tongue, and they left the matter as one beyond their comprehension. But if any of them had asked Allan himself he could not have told them. It was enough for him that love goes where it is sent, and that he did love Luella with his whole true heart, no one knew better than he.

So they were married, and I wish I could add the dear old storybook formula, "lived happy forever after," but as this is a true story and not a romance, it must follow out the beaten track of real life, even to the bitter end.

All knew when he married his wife that she had a complaining tongue. He had heard her talk to her old father, and even his great love for her could make her stinging words spoken without any apology or passion, seem other than discourteous and unflial. And when the meek old man bent his head to the word that was more cruel than a blow—he—Allan—blamed him for submitting so tamely to a woman's invective, promising to himself a different state of affairs, when he should have the right to object.

For a brief time Allan was as happy as any of us are permitted to be in this transitory life, and Luella, pleased with her new estate, and her handsome, loyal husband, was like a creature of a different nature, and the old father, having passed peacefully away, left an interim of suspended hostility, in which Allan established a kingdom of happiness, which he imagined to be on a firm foundation. He was never more mistaken.

For the ruler of this kingdom was the queen of discontent. Allan had never been nagged, but Luella was perpetually nagging. Having found the vulnerable point in his armor of peace, she thrust the javelins of anger in, with the slightest pretext, and smiled to see him wince. It gave evidence of her power. The old father had escaped; but her husband was hers, he must stay and hear.

I know this is not a pleasant story, and readers need go no further unless they are interested in a curious psychological fact. I myself am a believer in heredity.

"At any time—to-night, perhaps," answered the doctor, and again he

a sharp tongue, which she had never tried to bridle. If there is sympathy for the man who inherits a consuming thirst for drink, why not for the woman who has had bequeathed to her a bad temper which she took with her hair and eyes?

Luella had everything to make her happy, from the standpoint of any reasonable being, but she never ceased complaining, and at last the good nature and fortitude of her husband deserted him and he turned, not as the worm turns, but rather like a raging lion, and Luella held her peace in sheer astonishment.

"I wish you were dumb," he said, in a whisper of concentrated wrath and scorn. "I wish I might never hear the sound of your voice again."

Like all evenly balanced natures, when he overstepped boundaries he went too far; but there was this in extenuation, his words came from the lips and not from the heart; they sounded far worse than they were intended, and they recoiled on himself, even before he had seized his hat to leave the house.

He turned to see their effect on Luella, and found to his horror that she had fainted.

Then he called himself a brute, sent for friends and a doctor, and hung over his wife prostrate with grief and remorse until she opened her eyes and recognized him.

He begged her forgiveness, but to all his entreaties she only shook her head feebly until at last, when he pleaded for one word, she made a motion which indicated a wish to write—and with a horrible fear taking possession of him, he gave her paper and pencil and this is what she wrote for him:

"You have your wish. You will never hear my voice again. I am stricken dumb."

It was noised about in the community, and people talked—old people especially, of what they called a "visitation of God."

The doctors had another name for it; they called it acute paralysis, and said it was reflex and would pass away presently, but they were wrong in their prognostications. Luella went about her work again, the light household duties that developed on her, but not one word came from her mute lips.

Allan, who was beside himself with grief and disappointment, urged her to learn the labial language, indeed offered to forego speech for her sake, and learn the lessons of silence with her, but she would not listen to the suggestion. And then began the martyrdom of Allan Davis.

Luella could hear perfectly, so that her husband and friends were not constrained in their speech, but any word she had to say, any message or answer in their conversation coming from her must be written. She was always provided with the means of communication, and writing tablets of the daintiest sort were scattered around the house, like some new brie-a-brac of speech.

The devotion of Allan Davis to his afflicted wife was something marvelous. He never wearied of lover-like attentions, and he never demanded the slightest recognition of them. He spent every hour of his existence—not employed in his business—in devising pleasures for Luella, and on those unfortunate days when a dumb devil of ill-nature asserted itself, he met her mute reproaches with a self-abasement that was neither unmanly nor servile, but Christ-like. His bonny brown locks turned gray, his laughing, boyish face took on the shadows of early age, but his spirit remained serene and patient, and the love he held in his heart for this woman grew brighter and more fervent to the end. And the end came before the fire of youth had quite turned to ashes—the end for Allan Davis.

It was a simple case of influenza at first, with no suggestion of danger, until one day the doctor looked grave, and the next he said to Luella: "Your husband will die!"

He watched her sharply, but no quiver of an eyelid told him what he wanted to know. She wrote a question on her tablet:

"How soon?"

"At any time—to-night, perhaps," answered the doctor, and again he

watched her narrowly. Did he surprise a flash of joy in her cold eyes, a strange tense drawing of the lines around her severe mouth? It might have been his imagination, but at any rate he was glad for Allan Davis.

The end came at night, when Luella watched with her husband alone. He had been sleeping and dreamed something that wakened him with a wild start, and made all things look unreal—all except his wife, who bent over him with a new solicitude in her face. He saw it and was grateful.

"I am going to leave you, my dear," he said in the slow, precise tones of those who are nearly done with human speech, "will you not let me have as my last glad heritage a word of forgiveness for the great wrong I did to you?"

Luella looked at him, and an unmistakable gleam of triumph shone in her eyes and expressed itself in her movements as she seized her tablet and wrote something upon it in plain, distinct letters. Allan saw the look and the hope that had for years sustained him, seemed now to be about to be realized, and he lifted his head to read for the last time that beloved handwriting.

But God, more merciful than his creature, had anointed his eyes with a film, and with the written words he so longed to see held before him by an unflinching hand, he loosed his hold on earthly love and hate, and despoiled the last sting of a terrible revenge.

For this was what Luella had written for her dying husband to read:

"Since you are about to die, I will tell you that I have never for one moment been incapable of speech. I assumed a misfortune to punish you as you deserved. I have succeeded."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Centre of the Earth.

Did you ever stop to consider the fact that in all probability the centre of the earth is a globe composed of gold, iridium, and platinum. These metals are, of course, in a liquid state, the iridium at the exact centre—that is providing there is not some heavier metal at present unknown to man occupying that place—the platinum next, and the gold surrounding the other two.

"But," you say, "what proof have we that this proposition is correct?"

In answer, I would say:

"Two proofs, and perhaps more."

First, the three metals are the heaviest known substances, compared bulk for bulk.

This being the case, they would naturally be attracted to the centre of our planet. In the beginning, the earth was liquid, if not gaseous. In either case the heavy metals mentioned were held in solution. By gradual condensation the metals settled to the centre, iridium first, platinum next, and gold last.

Agos ago, when the crust of the earth was thin, very thin, all of the gold now known was thrown out in volcanic eruptions. This last-mentioned fact is the second reason for believing that our globe had a golden centre, woven around a nucleus of iridium and platinum.

A third reason for believing that there is gold at the centre is this: The earth as a whole weighs five times as much as a globe of water of the same bulk, while the rocks forming the outer crust are less than three times as heavy as water.

She Could Not Tell.

She wept upon his shoulder, but as he had on his linen duster preparatory to going away for a year, the damage amounted to but little.

"And shall I find you unchanged when I return, dearest?" he asked.

"I—I do not know," she sobbed.

He could feel his hat cracking under the stress of the wave of doubt and jealousy that swept through his brain. He gasped, and moistened his parched lips, but could not frame a word. She continued:

"I do not know, dear. I cannot tell at this early day what color of hair will be in style then."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1895.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

WE are heartily in accord with the *Mirror's* ideas of progress in industrial education. The institution industrial departments should be well equipped in material, in facilities, and in appliances and machinery for properly teaching the trade. Each trade should be in the care of men skilled in every department of the particular trade they represent, and possessed of a good general education as well as a perfect technical knowledge of everything pertaining to their trade. They should be ranked as teachers, paid as teachers, and treated as teachers. All this having been secured, all that is required is the ability to teach their pupils, coupled with a willingness and interest in their work. But mere knowledge does not make the teacher. It is also essential for a successful trade instructor to possess skill and tact and ingenuity in presenting and elucidating the multiplicity of things that the pupils must know and thoroughly understand, in order that they may become capable workmen. The man in charge is of more importance than the materials and implements and fixtures of the workroom. A good instructor will get better results with poor facilities, than a poor teacher can produce with every facility.

In reference to machinery in displacing hand-labor, argument on either side can be maintained indefinitely. It is undoubtedly true that our institutions are not all keeping pace with the modern methods of production. But the institution establishments are not conducted with a view to mere productiveness. The education of the hand and of the perceptive faculties should be the first care, and the utilitarian idea will be realized as a result of this training. Except the work of the turning-lathe in the cabinet shop, there should be nothing done by a machine that the hand of the pupil can not duplicate. So also in the shoe and tailor shops. The pupils, of course, should understand how to operate the different machines used in these trades, but we are positive that they will be better workmen if they can do the work by hand also. The highest grade of every trade depends upon manual skill. Hand-made shoes are superior to machine made. The finest expositions of cabinet-making are the result of hand-work. We believe the same will apply to tailoring. We are positive that it applies to type-setting. For these reasons we do not share in the pessimistic views that have been advanced as arguments against teaching type-setting to pupils in schools for the deaf. Such arguments have invariably come from parties who know almost nothing about the "art preservative"—men who have learned the "case" and can "set up" a few lines of "straight matter" in an hour, but who are totally ignorant of imposition, display work, etc.

But still the poor pessimist wail is heard, that half the men in the ranks of skilled labor are doomed to poverty and starvation, because of the encroachment of labor-saving inventions. The shoemaker must go, because all parts of the shoe are made by machinery; the carpenter

and cabinetmaker must go, because machines plane, saw and dovetail the wood; the tailor must go, because one machine cuts the pattern and another sews the suit; the bookbinder must go, because machines can fold and sew and trim the leaves, emboss and gild the cover of any book;—in short, manual dexterity and skill are no longer desired. Even the deaf teacher must go, because the oralists want the earth and have already claimed it. So wails the pessimist. Man, poor man! he is even threatened with total extinction by the "new woman." We are inclined to ask, with "Truthful James"—

"Are things what they seem,
Or is visions about?
Is our civilization a failure,
Or is the Caucasian played out?"

In all discussion relative to education, it must always be borne in mind that the education of the deaf is no easy task. The teachers know it, and the public ought to, also. It is impossible to train them for the professions. Only a very few are able to take a college course. To fit them for the world, instruction in useful trades is a necessity. The trades selected should be those that give promise of greatest benefit to the pupil in after life. The section of the country in which the pupil lives should be taken into consideration, because certain trades offer greater opportunities and higher remuneration in one section than in another. If the results prove that teaching any particular trade is useless, then it should be abolished, and a trade better adapted to meet the needs of the deaf substituted. Meantime, let our trades instructors do the best with what they have, and instill this truth into the minds of their pupils: Lack of skill and general incompetency together cause most of the distress that is charged to labor-saving machinery.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. Thomas Taylor's new house was finished, on West 23d Street, Los Angeles, Cal., last October. He and his wife have moved into it. He is the brother of William Taylor, a deaf-mute.

Thomas A. Lamb, of Lankford, Md., spent Thanksgiving Day with Mr. and Mrs. Unsworth, of Chestertown, Md. Mr. Unsworth works in a basket factory. He expects to visit Mr. Lamb, in Lankford, on Christmas, and will make a few photographs while there.

James H. Caton would like very much to know by mail the whereabouts or correct address of Mr. George M. Hamm, before Christmas, and desires to receive a special call from him. Mr. Caton enjoyed the Thanksgiving Holiday with his many mute friends in New York City and also at Pannwood.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Garlock, of Fort Plain, N. Y., spent Thanksgiving with Miss Harriet Keyser, of Breakabeen, N. Y. They report having had a good time and lots of turkey. They will return home about the 12th, stopping over at Albany a few days to renew old acquaintances and friends.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet gave the deaf-mutes an interesting lecture on the subject of his trip abroad and work among the deaf-mutes in Ireland last Saturday evening, at St. Andrew's, and a little over sixty deaf-mutes went to see Dr. Gallaudet's sermon and twenty-four communicants, including the wife and daughter of Principal Wilkinson took part in the Holy Communion.

A Modern Solomon.

"Bunkins, I guess, is about the smartest man of his years in this community," said the citizen who observes.

"Knows a great deal, does he?"

"Knows a great deal! I should say so. Why, sir, that man knows almost as much as his nineteen-years-old daughter who is in the High School."—*Washington Post*.

North Carolina Institution.
When the new buildings at Morganton, N. C., were ready for occupancy, the white deaf removed there and the colored deaf remained in Raleigh. The "bone of contention" has been simply a question of a just division of the library. The North Carolina Supreme Court has decided that the books shall be divided between the two schools—the one for the colored deaf at Raleigh and the Morganton Institution. The division will be in proportion to the number of pupils in each school. It has been suggested that one school may sell its share to the other, thus enabling the library to remain intact. Superintendent Goodwin is in Raleigh at present conferring with the board of that school upon the matter.—*Kelly Messenger*.

SUNSHINE

BROUGHT TO A SOUTH BALTIMORE HOME ON THANKSGIVING—DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND—PATHETIC STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

Baltimore World, Nov. 23.
It was Sergt. Owens, Southern District, who said: "If you are looking for a real poverty-stricken neighborhood, you'll find it by the number of dogs around the doorways, for," said he, with an air of experience, "the poorest have the most dogs and children."

The *World* man had explained to the officer that the *World* had sent him out to find a family of deserving poor, and to them would be given a fat turkey to feast thereon Thanksgiving day.

"You'll find lots of deserving poor in Butler-alley in 'Figure Four'-court," said Lieut. Parks. The *World* man started to go out of the station-house door. Sergt. Owens stepped quickly to the desk and said something in an undertone to Lieut. Parks.

The door was just closing on the reporter when Sergt. Owens called quickly: "Hold on there, I'll go with you if you want me to. I can show you a family that a turkey would carry God's blessing to."

Officer and *World* man started out. Gould's lane is back of Cross-Street market. You go up an alley that has no name, and you find a lamp-post with "Gould's lane" printed on it. You also find dirty children in the alley, pools of water between ill-set paving stones and dogs.

The officer's uniform attracted attention in the alley. Women came to the doors, a voice called out, "who in h—l's to be pinched this time?" The Sergeant knocked at the door of the mouldy-looking brick house. A woman answered the summons. "Can you tell me where the man who has a little blind girl lives?" queried the officer. "What are you goin' ter do with 'im?" asked the woman suspiciously, "they have hard enough time as it is."

"I want to do them a kindness," said the officer. "Then go to 19, though there's no'n home but the childer."

A little girl opened the door of No. 19 to the officer's knock. The Sergeant led the way. The *World* man followed him into a room, small, seemingly filled with children that retreated into a corner when they saw the blue coat. A girl about 14 years of age was bending over a wash-tub, she did not turn as the strangers entered the room.

"Are you Thomas Young's children?" asked the officer to the child who opened the door. "Yes, sir, in a frightened voice."

"Where's your papa?"

"He's working to-day, sir. He ain't done nothin', has he?"

"We come down to see what you were going to have for Thanksgiving dinner," said the *World* man.

"Thanksgivin' dinner," said the child.

"Nothin' as I knows of, sir."

"But I'm anxious to know what you think you'll have," insisted the *World* man. "Bread and coffee, mebbe soup." The girl at the wash tub turned.

Her eyes stared straight at the strangers, but did not seem to see them. The little girl spoke.

"Sis is blind but something tells her there's some one here." "Tell her we're friends," said the officer.

"That this gentleman's newspaper wants to give you a turkey." The little girl stepped to her sister's side and grasped her wrist, then she moved her hands up and down the blind girl's forearm. The sightless eyes winked, winked, the lids trembled, two great tears splashed on her faded cotton print dress. She rubbed her hand on her little sister's head, then her hand.

"She says thank you, but you're givin' her," translated the little one.

"No, no," exclaimed the officer hastily. "How do you talk to her?" asked the reporter. "I holds her hand and puts it up and down, an'—an' I jest don't know how," was the answer.

"Rebecca Young's affliction was caused by scarlet fever. When she was four years old the dread disease left her deaf, dumb and blind," explained Sergt. Owens, as he rested his hand kindly on the blind child's head. The door leading upstairs was opened. The *World* man went up and looked at the sleeping room. A bare apartment, with a mattress and several blankets on the floor, not any attempt of a bedstead in the whole house. A man and six children, the oldest 14, the youngest a four-years-old boy, sleep in this barn-like room, on these travesties of beds. Little nine-year-old Lottie gets dinner, when there's any to get, takes care of the children; acts as a little housewife for the family.

The room downstairs, save for a table, a small stove, a few chairs, was bare and uninviting, but clean.

Lottie is a good little housekeeper and her blind sister can wash the few dishes and some of the family laundry. As the visitors turned to go, the blind girl stepped up to them and ran her hands over their clothes. "Shall know you again," said Lottie, "that's the way of gettin' acquainted." When the blind

girl's hands touched the officer's brass buttons she stopped quickly, took her little sister's hand and the two had one of those mysterious communications by touch. "She says you're a constable," said Lottie. She was born in the country and she don't know what a policeman means.

THEY GOT THE TURKEY.

And the Young's got their Thanksgiving turkey. It was a large one, a fat one, and a very heavy, as the *World* man found when he carried it to the little brick house in Gould lane. "Ah, Dot, it's come," yelled one of the smaller children.

The little housewife came down the narrow stairs three at a jump, and burst into the room. Rebecca, the blind girl, stood in the centre of the floor, neither seeing or hearing but with an expression on her face that showed she realized something unusual was going on. Little Lottie went quickly to her, carrying the turkey in her arms.

She took her blind sister's hand and made a few quick motions with it up and down and rubbed her wrist. A glad, happy smile lighted up the sightless face. She reached forward, took the reporter's hand and patted it. Then she ran her hands rapidly over the turkey and laughed the soft laugh of one who cannot hear. She waved her hand up and down to her little sister. "She says it's large, and thanks for it," said the little one.

The rest of the children crowded around. Each one wanted to lift the turkey. They were talking, laughing, chuckling, when the reporter quietly opened the door and passed out into the cramped little street.

Little Ruth McClelland.

It seemed incredible to the many anxious ones living in sight of Mr. Samuel W. McClelland's beautiful home at Mountain View, to learn that his daughter, Ruth Adele McClelland, after an illness of only a few days, had passed away. Ruth was an exceedingly bright girl, and had she lived would have reached her fourth birthday within a few days. The little one was a twin sister, and was suddenly taken ill at her home several days previous to her death, with diphtheria.

When the nature of the disease became known to the members of the household, a speedy separation was deemed advisable, necessitating a removal of the sister Grace to the home of her grandmother, little thinking the separation on earth would be forever. Day after day Mrs. Lemly, a most estimable and devoted friend of the family, rendered every possible assistance with the parents in their ceaseless administrations. Night after night they patiently watched for improvement and as each little ray of hope cast the aroma of brightness within the hearts of the sorrowing ones, it proved only a stimulant at intervals between the paroxysm of most patient suffering.

Disconsolate are those who idolized the jewel, desolate is the home always so bright because of her presence. But methinks, as I look heavenward, of the grand illumination her smile has cast within the portals of her Father's house, who has said, "Suffer them to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The parents of the little girls are speechless, neither can utter a syllable or hear a sound. Conversation is communicated either in writing or by forming syllables with the fingers. Little Ruth was early taught and had quickly learned this method in conversing with her parents. Her little form was tenderly prepared for burial immediately after her decease, Saturday evening, and on Monday at 11 o'clock, all that remained of the beautiful child was borne amid a flood of tears to the cemetery. Rev. Mr. Ilman officiated, with Richards Bros., of Pompton, in charge.

The little form, so bright, so fair,
This safe within the Savior's care;
No pain, no sin, can harm it there,
The fulness of his love to share.

Oh, how we long to keep them here
To brighten home, our hearts to cheer;
And when He taketh these, His own,
How desolate, how drear our home.

The sorrowing relatives have the sympathy of the whole community in their great hour of sadness.—*The Argus*, *Buller*, N. J., Dec. 6.

A CORRECTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Would you kindly deny in the next issue of the JOURNAL the statement of some one writing from Amsterdam to the effect that I have "resigned." I have not "resigned"—whatever that may be supposed to mean,—and have no intention of doing so. My operations have been temporarily suspended pending the completion by the Commission on Church Work among the Deaf and Dumb of certain arrangements for the extension of the work. In a very short time, I hope to be able to publish a list of appointments, and I should be sorry to have any deaf people absent from the services through a mistaken impression that I had abandoned the work.

Very sincerely yours,
H. VAN ALLEN.
JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 9, '95.

BALTIMORE.

On Thanksgiving Eve, a nice reception was given at the hall of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf. A most enjoyable time was spent. Amusements and games were the features of the evening. The committee in charge were Mr. H. S. Anderson, Chairman, assisted by Messrs. Wm. McElroy and James W. Briscoe. Refreshments were nicely served at 10:30 P.M. It was a success financially, and the committee in charge deserve credit for their indifragible efforts to please every one present. Among the guests were the following:

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Gill, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Feast, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hewitt and child, Misses E. M. Schulte, B. W. Kreisel, B. Newman, Helen Rohner, Messrs. H. S. Anderson, Wm. McElroy, J. W. Briscoe, D. E. Moylan, G. M. Leitner, F. Lurmann, R. E. Underwood, J. H. Mooney and others.

We read in the *Baltimore Herald*, of November 28th., that in addition to the numerous other accomplishment of Lieutenant Minor, of the Southwestern Police District, he has developed a wonderful knowledge of the sign-language, entitling him to be appointed interpreter of that language for the district.

Yesterday afternoon a mute entered the station and endeavored to make his wants known by the finger language. No one present, not even the reporters, could understand what was desired. The slate and pencil was brought into use. Even this failed. The man could neither read or write.

Just then Lieut. Minor, who was in the Magistrate's room, stepped up, and in a few minutes learned that the applicant wanted to be directed to Glenn's Falls, Balto. Co. The genial officer promptly furnished the information with a few mysterious passes of his hand.

We did not know who he was, and at last we found that it was Mr. Elmer Butterbaugh, a witty member of our Society. He said that he often went to the Police Station and puzzled Lieut. Minor, who is a good friend of the mutes.

The male members of the Society have been diligently working since Tuesday night, making a new booth at the centre of the hall for fancy articles and another booth on the front for confectionery, so that the fair preparations are looking better this season than last. Two new folding tables, which were ordered to be made in the cabinet-shop at the Maryland School for the Deaf two weeks ago, arrived here last Friday afternoon. Everybody was much pleased with the work.

The Ladies' Committee on the Fair and Supper that is to be held in the Society's hall on Tuesday and Wednesday nights this week, had a meeting last Saturday night, inspecting the booths, etc., they were satisfied with them. At 9.30 P.M. a nice surprise reception, consisting of ice-cream and cakes, was given to the ladies by the male members. A nice time was passed. Among those present were, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Amoss, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smithson, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Boss, Misses Annie B. Barry, B. W. Kreisel, E. M. Schulte, Messrs. R. E. Underwood, Wm. McElroy, J. H. Mooney, Jas. W. Briscoe, H. S. Anderson, F. C. Lurmann, J. E. Fowble and others.

Mr. Joseph E. Volluse, of Frederick, was in town last Wednesday, and held service at the Exeter Street M. E. Episcopal Church on that night. He returned home the next day.

Rev. Mr. J. M. Koehler expects to be here next Wednesday to attend the fair of the Society. He will deliver a sermon in Grace Chapel on Friday night.

Mr. Richard Birchett the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Birchett, both mutes, was married last Wednesday to a lady, whose name the writer does not remember.

The pupils of the Maryland School for the Deaf, will return home for the Christmas holidays on Saturday morning December 21st.

Dec. 9, '95. WILFORD.

Sitting-Bull's Deaf-Mute Son.

In a recent number of *Harper's Magazine* there was an article, "The Religion of the Sioux," in which the following reference is made to an Indian deaf-mute:—

"Sitting-Bull was a crafty old pagan, but his two widows have stood up in church and said, 'We want Christ.' A deaf and dumb son of this same old fox was told by One-Bull, Sitting-Bull's successor, that he could not be received into the church on account of his infirmities.

On hearing this the missionary, who was about to go on a journey, told One-Bull to tell the lad that on her return she would take him as a church member if he were still so inclined. When the little lady had travelled about ten miles on her journey she saw some one coming after her, riding over the prairie. It was the deaf and dumb boy, bearing a note from One-Bull that said, 'We cannot make him understand.' The boy dismounted and made signs, touching his eyes, straightening his form, and outlining his figure stretched upon the ground. That was his dead body. Then opening his eyes,

he pointed to heaven and afterwards made on the ground the square enclosure of the church. He is now a constant attendant at all church meetings.

GREENSBURG, PA.

Now Thanksgiving Day is a thing of the past, let us look forward with fond expectations to the near approach of that ever-festive Christmas. The day was undoubtedly an ideal one for football playing; and is one to be long remembered. The game was played between the G. A. A. and Beaver Falls teams at Athletic Park in this city, which resulted in an easy victory for the former, by a score of 24 to 0. It was a great crowd that witnessed the contest, and the game abounded in brilliant plays. The G. A. A. has far thus won all games from visiting teams this season, except the famous Duquesne and Country Athletic Club which, through the unfairness of the umpire, robbed our own of a game. Let us send greetings to the famous Gallaudet College football team for the magnificent playing they have done this season.

From what is understood an effort is being made to secure Prof. McGregor, of national convention fame, for a lecture in Pittsburgh. If this be successful, we are inclined to believe that he will draw a big crowd, as he is a sign-maker of grace and eloquence. It is said that admission will be charged. Proceeds will go to the proposed Home Fund.

It is said upon excellent authority that Mr. Haney, of Allentown, Pa., will in a short time take unto himself one of Pittsburgh's fair daughters. It is also remarked that Rev. Mr. Mann will perform the marriage ceremony when he stops in Pittsburgh on his way to New York.

Three young mute ladies, employed in a laundry building at Wilkensburg, were some time since given the grand bounce on account of their having wasted valuable (?) time in talking too much while engaged in their laundry work.

It is said with regret that Mr. Carter Cummings, of Copeland, a rail inspector in the Braddock Steel Works, is ill at his home with what is supposed to be a severe cold. We most sincerely hope for a speedy restoration to health.

Your scribbler having been at his home in Irwin wrestling with three boils on his upper lip for more than one week, has so far recovered as to be able to hold cases at the *Greensburg Daily Tribune* office. He never had a more terrible experience in his life.

Will "Recorder" be so kind as to let us know through these columns, whether Mr. Wm. A. Miles, of Philadelphia, is married or single? I learned through a certain mute lady that Mr. Miles has been married, but I hardly believe a word of it.

Frank Widaman, of the city, claims that he has the distinction of being the first mute who ever took a trolley car to Jeannette, on the new Pittsburgh, Jeannette and Greensburg electric railway, which was completed about three weeks ago. The trolley line is in every particular a great success.

William Lemmon, of Mt. Pleasant, showed up this way not long since. He was on his way home from Latrobe, where he was shown through the different departments of St. Vincent's Academy, a Catholic school, in which he was greatly interested. He said that he happened to meet a German mute tailor by the name of Lawrence Kistner, while in that town, and that he has a steady position in a tailoring establishment there and commands a fair salary. Will says that he expects to go down South when times get better.

A colored mute (tramp, whose name I could not learn, made his debut in our city recently. He was an object of pity.

John Stumpf, well-known in police circles, still goes from house to house begging for "bread and butter." His mother died more than a year ago, leaving him alone out in the cold world.

Of course, his case will bring good news to the board of managers of the proposed Home for infirm and aged persons. He is about 41. Mr. and Mrs. James G. Pool, of New Stanton, have returned from a visit of several days with friends and relatives in Wilkensburg and East End.

The writer was extremely sorry to learn of the demise of Prof. Thomas Burnside, formerly teacher at the Mt. Airy Deaf Institution. He was for three years a pupil under the professor's instruction, and always regarded him as a teacher of more than ordinary ability. Prof. Burnside had a few superiors as a grammarian in this country, and was a splendid penman while in the prime of his life. What a wonderful man he was!

NOTICE.

There will be a special gathering at the Parish House of St. Paul's Church, on Third Street, Troy N.Y., next December 21st, Saturday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Mr. Chester Q. Mann will speak. All deaf-mutes are invited.

PHILADELPHIA.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

At All Souls' Working People's Club hall, Rev. Mr. Koehler continued his "snap shots," extending from Cologne through Germany, Austria, France, Switzerland, England and Ireland, and then across the Atlantic Ocean to New York. The audience was larger than at the preceding lecture. Mr. Koehler was tendered a rising vote of thanks.

Rev. Dr. Francis J. Clerc, of Phillipsburg, Pa., appeared at the club but went home before ten o'clock, so that the club had no chance to hear his fatherly words.

Baron Grioloet de Geer had the pleasure of listening to Rev. Mr. Koehler's lecture. He obtained a letter of introduction from French Consul Vission to Mayor Charles Warwick, asking the latter to get permission for him to visit the hospitals and asylums in this city, for he has the idea of building a sort of asylum for the deaf in France at his own expense. He expects to go to New York to attend the Gallaudet Banquet and then to Washington, D. C., Chicago, and other cities.

Mr. Wm. F. Fields told our correspondent last evening that he and Miss Mary Leaden were married by Father Broughal last Wednesday, but the next day he left her to live by herself.

Rev. Mr. Mann will conduct services at All Souls' Church next Sunday afternoon.

Rev. Dr. Thos. Gallaudet will gladden the hearts of his friends here by appearing at All Souls' Church on Sunday, January 19th., and giving a talk to them, at the same place, on the following Tuesday evening.

Those who were appointed by Mr. Veditz to serve on a local committee to make arrangements for the coming National Convention at this city are a very good and creditable set, and will, no doubt, make everything successful and satisfactory.

Mr. Robert M. Zeigler wants the JOURNAL readers to know that it will be impossible for deaf-mutes living outside of this State, to come to this city at one cent per mile. Those who live in this State can get the one-cent-a-mile rates.

Miss Lille Hertfelder received a present from the ladies who managed the fair in aid of the Presbyterian Church, of which her parents are members, because she did much work for the fair. Mr. Mayer, Jr., won prizes in the shape of two vases, a pretty stool and a box of oatmeal, at the fair, a few evenings ago.

Mrs. O. J. Whildin will go to New York City next Wednesday, where she will go on board the steamer Algonquin, which will take her to Florida, where she will stay with her parents until next June.

Messrs Henry Gunkel, Adolph Verkes, and Chas. E. Yoder, had a high time visiting the Zoological Garden all yesterday afternoon.

The Crack Foot-ball team of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf easily defeated the very strong team of Conshohocken, by a score of 26 to 0, on the Institution Grounds, yesterday afternoon, before about 1000 people. He conshohocken team was much heavier than the Mt. Airy boys, but the latter were more agile and sharp, and passed them easily.

THE RECORDER.

PHILA., Dec. 8, '95.

LEO XIII. TO THE DEAF-MUTES.

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA ACKNOWLEDGES OF A GIFT TO THE POPE.

From the N. Y. Herald, Dec. 4.

Among the expressions of loyalty received by the Pope at the recent celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the spoliation of the Holy See was an address from the Xavier Deaf-Mute Union of New York City. With the address was sent a list of the prayers and good works offered for the welfare of the Church, illuminated on satin.

The presentation was made by the Rev. S. Brandi, S. J., one of the editors of the *Civiltà Cattolica* of Rome. Leo XIII. was greatly pleased with this token of affection, and bade his secretary of state, Cardinal Rampolla, to express his appreciation.

The Rev. J. W. Stadelman, S. J., the spiritual director of the union, received yesterday the following letter from the Cardinal:—

"ROME, Nov. 8, 1895.
"REVEREND FRATER—With truly paternal affection, the Holy Father received your letter, expressing the sentiments and wishes of the members of the Xavier Deaf-Mutes' Union. His Holiness was exceedingly consoled by the fervent desires of these his children for the restoration of peace and liberty to the Church. His consolation was greatly increased by the hope that the prayers which they have performed will move God to show His mercy to us in our present needs."

"He, therefore, most lovingly bestows his apostolic blessing on you, the Director, on all the members of the Xavier Deaf-Mutes' Union, as well as on all those who are laboring in this noble cause."

"With sincere expression of my own esteem, I am, devotedly yours in Christ."

"M. CARD. RAMPOLLA."

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Our Correspondent Witnesses the Opening of Congress.

INTERESTING LITERARY EXERCISES.

"What's in a Name."--Paragraphs of Interest.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Sometimes, I can't say why, there comes to me, an overwhelming sense of the richness, the fullness, the opportunity in this life here in Washington, and last week I felt it more than ever. The whole nation read about the opening of Congress that Monday. Every paper has something about this and that Congressman, his manners, his good or bad looks, his comparison with other members, and so on. Well here we are within a mile of this focus of the United States--that crowded, fascinating Capitol. I wonder of you care to hear about it, or if you're all tired of what many another has written in these columns before me. You read, carelessly I suppose, about Brice's red carnation in his button-hole. As I sat with the rest of our college crowd up in the 2d row of the Ladies' Gallery in the Senate, I saw Brice come in with overcoat and hat on, a hat whose glossy polish was actually wonderful. He took it off from his curly head, and stood talking to Senator Teller, in a minute off came his overcoat, and I saw what I was absolutely sure was the identical red carnation I saw him wear on the opening day of the 53d Congress. Before one comes here, these Senators and Congressmen seem only half real. But they never seem so human, so like common folks, as when one sees them shaking hands with the little pages, saying some joking word, putting fatherly hands on boyish shoulders and tapping the boy heads in a way that makes the handsome little fellows devoted to them. One could spend hours in the fascinating galleries watching the scenes below; Pfeffer's famed whiskers aren't quite so long as people make out. Allison is the handsomest Senator, I think; then there is a new Senator, who has long curls which rival Brice's. What I liked best was to see the oath administered to our Senator, Gear, of Iowa. One never can forget the faces of those noted men, Sherman, Hoar, Morrill, and all the others that are pointed out.

Friday evening the "Lit" met, the programme was exceedingly interesting, by far the best given this term. The debate, especially, was full of animation and highly interesting to the audience. Applause was frequent and deserved during both essay and debate.

The first on the programme was Mr. Bryant's essay on "Details and Duty." The subject was treated in a very original manner, and Mr. Bryant's delivery added much to the frequent touches of humor. His lecture, in brief, was an urgent caution to observe the importance of little things--the infinitely little may be of infinite importance. The perfection of workmanship in a splendid engine counts for nothing, if its intricate machinery lacks but a drop or two of oil. The whirr, the din, the great mass of machinery in motion in some gigantic manufactory may be suddenly stopped by the loss of just a little staple in the power house at the dread moment when the "boss" is about.

The utter ruin of my lady's brand new bonnet, with feathers and flowers galore, may result from the lack of a modest hat-pin on a windy day. Illustration after illustration followed, picturing the endless variations of details. And so with duty, men who have become famous, men who will be, are those who have been faithful to duty; we have but to act accordingly.

The debate was on the question: "Was the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena justifiable?" Affirmative supporters--Mr. Zahn and Mr. Clouthier; Negative--Messrs. Erd and Haig. The Judges, Messrs. Sullivan, Roth, and Kestner, awarded victory to the negative, but of course we, who have been flooded with Napoleon articles these many months, kept our own private views. The dialogue, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," was an ingenious parody on Shakespeare, the opening and closing parts being identical with Shakespeare, but the subject matter between quite an improvement (?) on the original. These travesties of classic authors have long been considered doubtful experiments, and the beauty of many a famous production has been irretrievably marred thus.

Mr. Ohlenacher rendered the declamation, "A Jacobin on Tower Hill."

After critic's report, a rising vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Bryant.

Then the President summoned one who left us last year but has been spending a few days here on his way to his wedding, December 11th., Mr. Howard, '95. There was a grand burst of applause as the well known figure took the platform. He talked in that friendly, forceful manner of his, speaking words which gave us a new idea of the place the "Lit" holds in the best life of the college and in the minds of alumni. Assuring his audience of the inseparable bond which joins the alumni to *Alma Mater*, like he they exult in the college victories, they sorrow in its failures, they live still in the college life although gone from it. He spoke in a happy vein of praise, which 'tis hardly fitting to report in a college letter, since there was a good deal of "tally" in it.

Saturday evening, the Owls held their last literary meeting of the term.

PROGRAMME.

- I. Address by Miss Martin.
- II. Four noted poems to be guessed by the Owls.

Represented in character by Miss Leyder, as Lady Macbeth; Miss Taylor, as Macduff; Miss Titus in "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

III. Conclusion of "A College Romance," Miss McDill.

IV. Poem, Cleopatra's Dream, the most noted poem of the late W. W. Story, the sculptor--Miss E. Taylor.

In this poem Cleopatra is represented as telling how she dreamed that in a long past existence on earth, her soul was incarnated in a beautiful tiger and she roamed the yellow sands of Egypt.

Miss Martin's address was on the unusual subject, "Surnames." For almost an hour, she held our close attention to the discussion of the origin or the meaning of modern surnames. "What's in a name?" According to Miss Martin's investigations, a history, a romance, a geographical essay, a description of character, or a genealogy may be in one name. Many well-known college names were discussed. Mac means son, Gowan means a daisy, so we have McGowan; Watts comes from Walter's son; Picard comes from the name of the French Picardy; Clarke was originally Clerk; Stewart, Steward; Howard is equivalent to a high ward or keeper of hospitality; others come from personal or mental qualities, as White-beck, Long, Grimm--strong; Hubbard--disposed to joy. Still others are from Christian names, as Frederick, Martin, Lewis, Titus, Terry--Theodorice, Nicholson--Nicholas' son, and so on.

Sunday afternoon's Sunday School "concert" was a discussion of the subject "Promises." Chapel was very gloomy, but the exercises were unusually interesting, all the college classes being represented by one or more addresses.

Saturday forenoon, the "Lit" held a business meeting, in which Mr. Kestner's motion was passed annulling the rule requiring students to give to the "Lit" all copies of essays delivered before it. By a coincidence, the Owls agreed to drop this rule of preserving copies a few weeks ago.

Monday, probably, over thirty new books will make a welcome addition to the "Lit."

Last Sunday Rev. and Mrs. Nashaveroo B. Nikambe, of Bombay, were the guests here. Rev. Nikambe has been authorized to receive books for the Ram Mohan Roy Library at Calcutta, so called in honor of the great Hindoo reformer.

Thursday evening, Fellows Clarke and Gow heard Congressional Librarian Spofford deliver a splendid lecture at the Carrol Institute; subject, the Shakespeare question.

Fellow Barbee received an invitation to the Senate from V. P. Stevenson at the opening Monday. He has also been invited to a reception on the 21st in honor of the Vice-President's daughter.

Senator Allison is related to Miss Allison, '00. Vice-President Stevenson is also one of her family connections.

Friday evening the Connecticut delegation in Congress gave a reception to all in the city from their State, at the Arlington. Among those present from the Green were Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Miss Fish and Mr. Clarke.

President Whitman, of Columbia University, will be invited to lecture before the "Lit" during the holidays.

Mrs. Gallaudet is a patroness of the Newsboys' Fair; Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Hotchkiss, and Miss Frederick are busy sewing for it. All for "sweet charity."

The Green has been having its share of invalids. Hemstreet will soon leave for home; Mr. Stuck has not been well since fall and will leave for good; Stewart is now at work again, and Miss Marshall is still in the clutches of malaria.

The Texas students entertained Mr. Schneider, of their State, last week. Another caller was Allard, ex-'94, he has secured work in the Government Printing Office.

Mr. Smielau has been elected Captain of the 1st eleven for '96; Statman of the 2d, by vote of their respective teams. The G. C. A. confirmed the elections by a special meeting on the next day, Tuesday.

This evening about twelve from bot sides attended a surprise party

on Miss Senkind. A most enjoyable time was had by all.

Miss Weichsel will give a lecture on Physical Culture before the Owls.

The College will be represented by two new correspondents. Picard will write to the new paper to be started at Staunton, Va., for the deaf, and Miss Reed will succeed Terry as correspondent to the *Exponent*. Here's a welcome to both. Speaking of correspondents here's to "Little Rhody," whoever you are. Let me return your complimentary words most heartily.

Misses Stemple and Kershner were invited to spend the 7th in Georgetown.

Saturday morning the "co-eds" rooms looked like jewels and every door was wide open. Cause: the Board of Directors held their meeting and an extended tour of investigation through the building, taking critical survey of the dainty rooms, nodding sagely in approval of this and that expenditure for improvements and expressing much interest and admiration in the new dormitory. These busy public men who are on our board, cannot be expected here except at great personal inconvenience, but among those present at the meeting and at the dinner served in the Kendall study rooms, were Hon. N. Dingley, of Maine, Hon. J. R. Hawley, Senator from Connecticut, and Hon. J. W. Foster. Mr. Foster, you know, is quite a noted man, having been Secretary of State, Minister to Spain, and the adviser of China by request in the Japan trouble. He is a famous diplomat with an immense knowledge of international requirements.

Plans for the holidays are on foot now. Many are to go home, of course. Rumors of a good entertainment from the Dramatic Club, and other entertainments are afloat. The "Jollity Club" will bob up serenely, having already decided to give an informal reception to the Faculty and families for inspection of rooms.

And, actually, it snowed last Thursday! You don't know what that means to those who come from the land of blizzards.

There's a mystery which is yet to be unravelled. Who took the co-eds' bikes and learned to ride at night? And where did you get that bicycle's key?

By a lamentable misprint I was made to say that Miss Martin chaperoned a "card" party to Arlington Cemetery. Of course you know it was a "co-ed." Playing cards in solemn Arlington is sublimely ridiculous. This same party, in visiting the Volta Bureau, by chance found there an old volume on the deaf, published in 1781, and belonging originally to its author, Francis Green, the first American writer on the deaf. The title of the volume is "Vox Oculis Subjecta," and discusses reading the lips and methods of teaching the deaf as used in the Braidwood School for the Deaf in England, where the author's deaf son attended. It is an odd old book, its margins scribbled with notes, criticisms, alterations, etc., in the author's own hand.

The case of college views which has been returned from the World's Fair, as I wrote last week, is worth an illustrated article. Some of the views are magnificent, and sketches and paintings by some of the college's best artists are in the collection. The famous "Kendalls" are there, too; one of the glories of college no less than its beauty of architecture, its broad campus and handsome interiors as pictured in the big photos.

An odd thing about the faculty's deciding to keep last year's 8.5 rule is that the college is about evenly divided on the question as to whether, if one gets an 8.5 or 8.6, he is justified in giving the proper notification that he desires *not* to be excused from examination in order to try his luck at raising his average by getting a high mark on a "cramped" examination. Which, you see, could be done if one gets 8.5 on recitation and 9.5 on examination, his combined mark would be 9.

The day of reckoning draws near. Seniors have finished Van Dael's French and are ready for the next.

LAURA MCDILL.

HELLEN KELLER.

From *Harper's Bazar*, Nov. 20.

Hellen Keller's sense of touch is said to be so marvelously developed that she can recognize a person's emotions by simply placing her hand upon his or her face, even although the play of feeling is so subtle that ordinary observer would not detect any change of expression. She can also detect the presence of any one by the sense of smell, and she is learning to sing by laying her fingers on the sides of a singers throat, and imitating with her own vocal chords the vocalist's notes.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES, DECEMBER 15th.

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's, in St. John the Evangelist's church, New York. St. Mark's Brooklyn. St. Peter's Port Chester. Trinity Church, Newark, Holy Communion.

Chapel of the Intercession, New York, 11 A.M. Holy Communion.

FANWOOD.

Honoring Our Emeritus-Principal.

THE BASKETBALL TEAM DEFEATED.

A Visit at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, by the Aid of the Magic Lantern--Weekly Notes.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, the venerable Principal-emeritus of this school was with us on Friday last. With him was a gentleman friend, a Mr. Cooke. Dr. Peet looked thinner than usual, but in other respects he is still hearty and enjoys good health.

In my last week's letter I referred briefly to the occasion of his 71st birthday. It was Wednesday morning, December 4th, not Tuesday, that the teachers, officers and pupils assembled in the chapel at the call of Principal Currier. It is only three years since Dr. Peet retired from active work, but in that short time there have been many changes. Many of the pupils have graduated and several teachers resigned, consequently there were many who knew very little about Dr. Peet before December 4th. Therefore, the event was to instruct the pupils and at the same time do honor to Dr. Peet.

Isaac Lewis Peet first saw the light on December 4th, 1824, at Hartford School for the Deaf, where his father, Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet, at that time held the responsible positions of teacher and steward. Young Isaac spent his early childhood with the pupils of America's first school for the deaf, and that he became proficient in the sign language and attached to the deaf is evident, as he spent his whole career with them, except for the period of four years, 1841-45 when he was at Yale University. He it was that first established the High Class at Fanwood, and he proved a success conducting the higher branches of deaf-mute education, for it was the first step towards college education, Gallaudet College was not even thought of, but through his achievement here at Fanwood, it was afterwards founded to enable the deaf to obtain a still higher education. Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet's pupils are living examples of his success as a teacher, but this is only a small part of the doctor's work for the deaf of the Empire State. He went to Albany to argue before the legislature, and succeeded in having needed laws enacted for the good of this and other schools for the deaf of this State. As his birthday is to be observed every year, his life and labors will be retold little by little, as an example to be followed by young and ambitious men. In the meantime I hope that the doctor will be spared many years to enjoy the rest which he so richly deserves.

The Fanwood Senior Basketball Club played their first match game of the season with the champion team of the Washington Heights Young Men's Christian Association last Wednesday evening, December 4th, at the latter's hall, 155th Street, near the Grand Boulevard. The Fanwood's was much lighter than the Y. M. C. A. team, but all the same the game was hotly contested, which proves that the Fanwoods have improved wonderfully since last year. The Y. M. C. A. won the championship last year, but last Wednesday they only were able to score twice against our team, and at a great disadvantage as McVea, the captain was suffering from "Charley boss," and unable to play. W. Taylor took his place, but did not come up to the expectation of his friends. Muench at left guard distinguished himself, as also did Lamw at left forward. In time the Fanwood team will improve. Just now their chief fault is in passing the ball. The Y. M. C. A. showed their skill in this, which proved to be the feature of the game. They have played together for four years, while our team was reorganized last fall.

The teams:

Y. M. C. A.	Positions.	Fanwood.
F. Schmidt	Left forward	H. Lamm
M. Quigg	Right forward	E. Ellis
A. Shoemaker	Centre	T. G. Cook
H. Christenson	Left guard	H. Muench
J. Quigg	Right guard	W. Taylor

Referee--P. J. Kewen. Umpires--R. Woodworth and C. Wilcox. Goal from field--Schmidt. Goal from foul--Shoemaker.

Quite a fair-sized audience witnessed the game, among whom were Misses Vail and Unkurt, Messrs. C. and R. Wilcox, McVea, and several others from Fanwood.

Have you ever been to Chicago? If so, how long did it take you to get there from New York City? I ask this question because the short-cut trip, to my knowledge, was made last Sunday, not to Chicago only, but back again the same night. Chief Tutor William H. Van Tassel,

assisted by Prof. Hoyt, managed the trip, and it included a stop long enough to visit the great exposition by the lake. This was made possible by the stereopticon owned by the Institution, and by the kindness of Mr. Benjamin Tiemann, son of ex-Mayor Daniel F. Tiemann, an old gentleman residing near the school, who is about ninety years old, but still enjoying good health. When a young man, Mr. Tiemann was a member of the Board of Directors, and took keen interest in the education of the deaf children; though now retired, he has not forgotten the deaf altogether, as is shown by this generosity of his son in affording all here with a free visit to the World's Fair. It was an enjoyable visit, and it took just two hours to make the journey.

Last Sunday was the first of the stereopticon lectures to be given every Sunday evening during the winter.

The following is taken from the *Glasgow Medical Journal*:

"The New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb is beautifully situated on Washington Heights, overlooking the Hudson River. It is a handsome building, with several detached blocks for the laundry, engine-house, and junior school. No expense is spared in keeping up a high standard of health and efficiency, in order to send the graduates out to fight the battle of life unhampered, either physically or mentally. There are about four hundred scholars, some of whom are supported by their friends while others are supported by the town or county from which they come. Being vacation time, the most of them were away, while the few who remained were playing at baseball, and, as far as could be judged, seemed capable of holding their own as well as their more fortunate opponents. A splendid gymnasium has been fitted up with all kinds of apparatus, and each scholar has to undergo a physical examination, so that the most suitable exercises may be ordered for him, and the examination is repeated at regular intervals in order to test the improvement. A trained nurse is a regular member of the staff, and any cases of illness are immediately transferred to her care, while infectious cases are isolated in a separate building. A dentist, who is a lady, makes regular visits, and is responsible for keeping the teeth of the children in good order. The weekly washing must be quite a formidable undertaking, as it includes several thousands towels. We were told that each of the four hundred scholars is allowed twenty-three towels each week--three everyday and five on Saturday, the bath day. They are never allowed to use a towel twice. The object of this is to prevent the spread of ophthalmia, or anything infectious that might arise, and it is reported to be most effectual. In contrast with this may be mentioned a smaller school where three roller-towels, each about two yards long, were considered sufficient for thirty boys for two or three days. It would be interesting to have some authoritative statement as to the number of towels that should be supplied to each individual in public institutions."

Mr. William G. Shanks finished his reading of "Ivan the Serf," before the Fanwood Literary Association last Saturday. John Kaiser, the Vice-President occupied the chair, in the absence of President W. G. Jones. Perhaps some of the JOURNAL readers will remember Henry Joseph, who about thirteen years ago was a pupil of the Primary Department at Fanwood. His parents moved to Texas, and took him with them. He was here last Friday, and seemed surprised at the many changes made. Although a pupil here only for a short time he still remembered several of his playmates, especially Henry Cohen whom he was glad to meet again. Rev. Job Turner, of Staunton, Va., arrived at Fanwood Tuesday evening, December 10th. He did not know that the deaf of this city intended to celebrate Gallaudet day--hence did not attend the banquet at the "Armea" in the city. Had Mr. Turner read the JOURNAL regularly he would have been better informed. The JOURNAL did not only advertise the event, but also commented upon it for the past three weeks.

On Tuesday, December 10th--Gallaudet Day--in the evening there was a celebration in the city commemorating the 108th birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. Fanwood was represented, by Dr. Peet, Principal Currier, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Prof. T. F. Fox, Prof. W. G. Jones and wife, Mr. Charles W. Van Tassel and Anthony Capelli. Dr. Peet, Principal Currier, Mr. Hodgson and Prof. Fox after the dinner made speeches. It was a big affair and will be fully reported in the JOURNAL.

Dr. Job Williams, Principal of the Hartford School for the Deaf, who attended the Gallaudet celebration in the city on Tuesday, paid this school a visit on Wednesday, the 11th.

A QUAD.

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

A party of Sisters of Charity from Wappinger's Falls called here last month. They were dressed in black. A short time ago two large bundles were sent to the Home from Poughkeepsie.

Miss Mary Smith died at two o'clock Friday morning, November 1st. She had been confined to her bed for a long while. Matron Davis nursed Mary with a mother's loving care, but all that could be done for the sufferer proved unavailing. The funeral took place the following Monday morning, Dr. Gallaudet officiated. A cross and a wreath made of pretty autumn leaves were laid on the grave. Miss Smith's real name, age and birthplace, are not known. She came to this country across the Atlantic in the eighties and obtained a situation as a servant in New York City. If Miss Smith had received the benefit of an education, she might have been equal to the average intelligence of deaf-mutes.

Mr. Isaac Van Velsor, an old graduate of New York Institution, was admitted to the Home on the 9th ult. He formerly worked as a cigarmaker. His wife was Marion Ormsby before marriage. She attended the school at Fanwood.

Miss Lockwood's birthday falls on Gallaudet day. Every body knows the date.

Richard Clinton used to indulge in smoking, but has left off the habit because it was feared something would happen. He is blind, deaf and dumb.

Mrs. Totten had a drive to the village lately. She got a box of good things from her niece, who lives in Newark, N. J. Mrs. Totten will soon be eighty-eight years old.

On a recent morning, Ann was fixing a black winter skirt, she took the old pocket and sewed on another. Then she put on the skirt to see how it looked, when to her surprise she found a pocket at the opening which was on the left side, so pocket number two had to be ripped off. Ann had a good laugh at her own expense.

Mr. and Mrs. George Peck, of New York City, were callers here, not long ago. They came to attend the funeral of Miss Smith, who formerly worked for them, and, in whom they felt a kind interest. Mrs. Peck bought a nice rug, for which she paid a dollar.

Saturday evening, the 9th, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet entertained his silent friends in the chapel. Among other things he told them about his visit in England and Ireland last summer.

Dr. Gallaudet officiated in the chapel on Sunday, November 10th. In the afternoon he did not wear his surplice, but gave us some religious instruction. At the close of service, the doctor went to Poughkeepsie and preached in Christ Episcopal Church for the benefit of the Home. He was the guest of Mrs. Nelson until the next day when he returned to New York.

Matron Davis started for the great metropolis down the river Wednesday, the 13th, to be gone a week, to get the rest she so much needed. When she came back she was heartily welcomed by all.

The paper on the walls of the women's infirmary has been stripped off. The walls are painted and present a neat appearance.

Mrs. C. M. Nelson and daughter Miss Elizabeth were here on a recent Sunday. They attended divine service at Zion Church in the morning, and had the pleasure of listening to a most interesting sermon, which Bishop Henry Codman Potter preached.

Baron Griolet de Geer, a deaf-mute gentleman from Paris, France, accompanied a friend here on Tuesday the 19th. They came while we were at dinner. Having partaken of country grub, the visitors were conducted through the buildings by Mrs. Gardner, who was acting as matron *pro tem*. None of us could understand the French language, however, the venerable Baron found no difficulty in carrying on conversation by the aid of signs, which in a great measure resembled those in common use among American mutes. M. De Geer seemed to be well pleased with what he saw, and said he will try to have a home like this established in his own country.

Mrs. Roberts was happily surprised Saturday evening, the 23d ult, when she was told that her daughter Mary had just arrived. The meeting between then was a joyful one. Miss Roberts remained here till Monday, having enjoyed her brief stay very much.

Two days before Thanksgiving day, Mr. Shuter took a ride with Janitor Gardner to Poughkeepsie to assist him in bringing home a large quantity of good things for our festive dinner.

LOUISE.

November 29, '95.

Rev. Mr. Dautzer's Appointments.

DECEMBER.

15--10:45 A.M. (Holy Communion). St. Paul's, Rochester.
15--7:30 P.M. (Evening Prayer). St. James, Buffalo.
20--7:30 P.M. Christ Church, Binghamton.
22--10:45 A.M., and 3:00 P.M., Auburn.
22--7:45 P.M. Geneva.
Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,
17 Glenwood Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

COLUMBUS.

Glad the Foot Ball Season is Over.

A CENSUS OF DEAF DEAF-TISTS WANTED.

Various News Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Until to-day, for the past week, the weather has been too cold for the boys to indulge in out-door sport, and hence the play-ground was minus its usual football kicking scenes. But the season for this game is over for this year, and for one, we are glad of it. We will now be spared, when picking up an institution paper, having a college correspondent, of finding a column or two in each giving an account of this and that game played by the college boys. The trouble with the correspondents is, they describe the game with too much hair-splitting, which perhaps interests no one except the players themselves. It's curious that the editors of the papers do not use their blue pencil more freely with such matter. The space devoted to it could better be devoted to more interesting reading and information. A few lines about each game is sufficient, and we hope, next year, to see a reform in this matter.

There was a teachers' meeting immediately after school, Wednesday. A series of questions, prepared by Superintendent Jones, from McMurtry's General Method, were up for discussion. An hour was consumed in a general talk on the subject matter, with profit to all concerned.

Miss Lois Atwood returned Saturday evening from Pittsburgh, where she went to spend Thanksgiving Day with a friend. She visited the school for the deaf at Edgewoodville, and was shown around by Principal Burt.

Clarence Murdy, a former student at Gallaudet College, is taking a course at the Cincinnati Art School. He is rooming with Ernest Zell, a former pupil here, and who likewise is a student of the Art School.

The Cincinnati deaf will give a masquerade ball on the evening of December 31st, in a hall of the building in which their rooms are located. An invitation is extended to outside deaf-mutes, who desire to attend, to be present. A small admission fee will be charged.

They have a deaf dentist down in Cincinnati now. He is in partnership with his father. His name is F. Clancy. He was educated at the Northampton, Mass., Institution and Oral Day School in Cincinnati. He is not, however, the first deaf dentist we have heard of. Back in the latter sixties, in early seventies, Mr. George Evans, of Springfield, a graduate of this institution, had out his shingle, making known to mankind that he was an extractor and repairer of teeth. The calling did not suit his taste, so he relinquished it to engage in the manufacture of agricultural implements. Doubtless, there are other deaf dentists. Suppose the deaf press start up a census on the subject and see how many each can claim within its territory. That would be more interesting than a lot of football rot.

According to a Cincinnati correspondent of the *Chronicle*, the oral school there has been opened in a building on Court Street. The further information is given that it is open to all the deaf in Ohio-free of charge. We wonder who pays the bills. Certainly not the State, for we are not aware that the State had established an institution for the deaf there. We do not believe that the City of Cincinnati will take upon herself the expense of educating the deaf from out of the city. She may do it for those within her confines. Some one, then with a generous heart and plethoric purse, must be behind the scheme, who is willing and ready to give the method a foothold without State aid.

Ed. Haslam has been doing some odd jobs of carpentry for some of the teachers in the city part of the week.

James Ripley was circulating among of the deaf in town this week, and went to Springfield in hopes of getting on some newspaper as a reporter.

The boys have gotten out their skates and sharpened them up, ready for the first good, solid freeze. The drowning of a five years old tot in the City Park lake the other day, by breaking through the ice, has admonished us however, not to be hasty in skaterial indulgence.

A. B. G.

Dec. 7, 1895.

The Minneapolis Day School now has twenty-four pupils enrolled. At a recent meeting of the Board of Education, a third teacher was hired.--*North Dakota Banner*.

THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

Dear mother when my prayer is said,
Before you take the light,
O! lay your head so closely down;
And bid me soft good night.

One kiss for mother, for the love,
My heart keeps warm for thee.
And one for all the tenderness
Thy sweet eyes look to me.

Kiss me forgiveness of my wrongs;
Kiss me with hope and prayer,
That I may be a better child,
And more reward thy care.

Kiss me for some poor orphan child,
For whom no kiss is given
And next for all the happy ones,
And then for one in heaven.

Kiss me for everything I love:
The beautiful and bright,
One kiss dear mother for thyself,
And then once more good night.

A TRIUMPH IN MEDICINE.

"Did you ever give a man the wrong medicine, Dr. Macpherson?" I asked him, as we sat chatting in my surgery, and the famous doctor treated me to many curious reminiscences of his early career. "I should think that most medical men must make slips of that kind at least once in a lifetime."

Macpherson shook his head. "I do not remember doing so. But I once gave a man an overdose of a drug for a sleeping draught, which nearly killed him. It was his own fault, though, as you will see when I tell you the story."

"It was when I was quite a young man," he began, "and soon after I started a practice of my own in Chelsea. I had taken a pretty house here, as a doctor is bound to do if he wants to get on, and kept a couple of servants. On the night, however, when my adventure happened, both the girls were away. One of them had become so ill that I thought it best for her to go home to be nursed, and the other girl had travelled with her to take care of her, and was to return the first thing next morning. So that when a violent ring came at the front door bell about midnight, when I was just thinking of turning in, I had to go and answer it myself. I did so with a bad grace, for I had had a hard day's work and was looking forward to bed. The violence of the summons suggested that somebody was in urgent need of my services, and I sighed to think of the probability that I was to be called out again."

"When I opened the door, I found that it was as I expected. A small boy, breathless with running, informed me that I was required at once at the address he gave me in a street about half an hour's walk from my house. "What am I wanted for?" I asked, but the boy could not tell me. He had been passing the house, he said, when an old gentleman opened the door, gave him half a crown and told him to run as hard as he could for the nearest doctor.

"Of course it was no use questioning the lad any further. I put on my overcoat and started, carrying with me a few things on the chance that they might be necessary, including a strong soporific, which I might have to use if I found my patient in great pain which I could not immediately relieve."

"I had concluded that my services were made necessary by some accident, and used as much haste as possible, therefore, in getting to the address which the boy had given me, and which I had copied down in my note-book before he went away."

"As I approached the house I was surprised to find it in complete darkness, and I could not help wondering whether I had been made the victim of a practical joke, especially when my ring at the bell remained unanswered. I had expected to find the house lighted up and everybody on the alert, awaiting my appearance, and I was prepared with an apology for my intrusion when I heard steps descending the stairs and coming along the hall in answer to my second ring."

"The door was opened by a genial looking old gentleman in a flowered dressing gown, who carried a lamp in his hand, and his first words set my mind at rest so far as my fears of a hoax were concerned. "Oh, you are the doctor, I suppose?" he said. "Will you walk upstairs, please?"

"I was beginning to think the young urchin I had sent had played me false and made off with my half crown without doing anything for it, he said, and I explained that he had fetched me from two miles away."

"I am sorry that you have had to come so far," he said politely. "I thought that he would be able to find a medical man much nearer. Surely there are some?"

"Yes, but your messenger did not appear to know of them," I answered, and the old gentleman murmured something about a doctor always being ready for a new patient as he led the way into a room on the first floor at the back and placed the lamp on the table. I glanced around the place quickly, expecting to see some signs of the person I had come to attend."

"The room was comfortably, almost handsomely, furnished as a sitting-room, and contained a cheerful-looking fire, before which two armchairs were drawn up with a small table between them, containing two glasses, a bottle of

whiskey and a siphon of soda water, besides a box of cigars. But there was no sign of a patient.

"Take off your greatcoat and sit down," said the old gentleman. "You can put your things on the table. I suppose you will not object to a glass of Scotch and cheroot? I can recommend the cheroots."

"He had seated himself in one of the armchairs as he spoke, and was filling the glasses."

"Pardon me," I said in considerable astonishment, "but had I not better see the patient before I do anything else?"

"He looked up, as if surprised at my suggestion."

"Oh, I am the patient," he said, placidly.

"I started in greater surprise than ever, for he looked quite a picture of health, and he smiled good-naturedly."

"If you will sit down I will tell you what is the matter with me," he said, as placidly as before. "I do not like to see a man standing when I am sitting, and if you do not take off your coat you will catch cold when you go out again. You doctors never use knowledge to take care of yourselves. That is better," as I obeyed wonderingly.

"I am a victim of insomnia," he went on after I had taken the other armchair. "I suffer terribly. You cannot tell what it is to stay awake all night long while the rest of the world is asleep. Not a soul to speak to; the one living person in the rest of the dead. I think that it will set me mad some day."

"Yes; it is a great affliction," I said, shortly, not a little chagrined that I had been summoned at that time of the night to a consultation which could have been held at any time, but it can be cured in time with healthy living."

"But that does not help me tonight," said my patient, pushing the box of cigars toward me.

"You are suffering to-night?" I asked with my professional air.

"Yes; I am perfectly certain that I shall not sleep a wink. It would make me feel suicidal to go to bed and try. That is why I sent for a doctor; but I am sorry you had to come so far."

"Well, it is lucky that I have brought some drugs with me," I said, opening my brief bag before me. "I will give you a sleeping draught for to-night, but you must give up drugs and live healthy, and take plenty of exercise and diet yourself, if you really want a cure."

"I took out the soporific I had prepared before starting as I spoke, but the old gentleman shook his head hopelessly."

"It is not of the least use giving me drugs, doctor," he said. "I have saturated my system with them, and they have no effect upon me."

"Then may I ask why you have sent for me?" I asked, feeling very much like losing my temper.

"Well, it's like this, doctor," he said placidly. "I can't sit up all night by myself. I feel as though I should go mad if I do. I must have somebody to talk to."

"And you mean to tell me—I began hotly, and paused for want of words to express my indignation. "My patient took advantage of the pause to proceed in his gentle, half apologetic manner."

"I assure you, doctor, that I looked upon it quite as a business matter. I do not look upon a physician as a philanthropist, but as a business man, whose chief inducement, after all, is to make money. May I ask what your usual fee is?"

"My usual fee is seven-and-sixpence," I said, severely. "I was a modest beginner in those days. But when I am called out in the night—"

"You make it higher, of course," put in my patient, imperturbably; "shall we say ten shillings?"

"I nodded."

"And may I ask you how long your visit usually takes?"

"It varies from five minutes to an hour."

"The man performed a short calculation on his fingers."

"Then we may call your average visit thirty-two and a half minutes," he said, quietly. "Well! I am quite prepared to pay you ten shillings for every thirty-two and a half minutes that you remain with me. You came in at exactly twenty minutes past twelve. Allow me to pay you up till seven minutes to one. He gravely handed me half a sovereign as he spoke, and went on:—"If you prefer it, I have not the least objection to your giving me medical advice all the time you are here, although that is quite immaterial to me, so long as you talk about something and keep me from the loneliness that I dread. Do take a cigar and help yourself to the whiskey."

"His tone was so business-like and matter-of-fact that it was impossible to quarrel with him. Besides, his evident dread of being alone, which so many victims of insomnia have, appealed to my sympathies."

"I was not successful enough then to disregard the chance of gaining a rich and eccentric patient, the very class who make the profession worth practising from a pecuniary point of view."

"I made no demur, therefore, but determined to stay at least until I had given him directions for curing

his want of sleep by systematic exercise and plain living, and lighted one of his cheroots, which were indeed excellent."

"At the end of half an hour I rose to go. But my strange patient pleaded with me so earnestly to accept another fee and stay half an hour longer that I scarcely had the heart to leave him. A fresh idea occurred to me."

"I will stay on one condition," I said; that you lie down and let me try to get you to sleep. "I felt that if I could succeed in doing so I should have done something to justify my visit and should be able to get back to my own bed without any danger of offending a possibly remunerative patient."

"He agreed instantly, and drew up a comfortable looking couch to the fire in place of his chair."

"Now, if I will do my level best to sleep, will you promise not to leave me till I am off?" he said, and feeling pretty confident of my powers, I rather unwisely consented."

"I began by reading aloud to him in a soft monotonous tone which I have generally found effective, and at the end of half an hour was congratulating myself on my success, when the old gentleman jumped up wide awake, and fishing in his pocket, produced another half sovereign."

"I must not forget your fee," he said, as he lay back again at full length on the couch: "Please go on. It is very soothing."

"I was getting desperately sleepy myself, and more than ever anxious to succeed and get away, when my patient roused himself again suddenly."

"This won't do," he said anxiously. "If I go to sleep, how on earth shall I know what I owe you?"

"You can trust that to me," I said, shortly, and continued the reading again, with what seemed like complete success, till at two o'clock my patient jumped up as lively as ever to present me with my fourth fee."

"The want of success made me desperate, and I was already regretting deeply the promise which prevented me leaving the old gentleman to his fate and getting home, when another thought suggested itself to me."

"The sleeping draught which he had refused was lying on the table before me. He admitted having taken large quantities of every known drug, but this was a very strong one and might affect him more than he expected if I could get him to take it. He had refused so point blank before that I did not ask his consent, but slipped it quietly into a glass while I was reading."

"Perhaps another glass of whiskey will help you," I said, filling it up: "try drinking it straight off."

"He obeyed without a suspicion, and took the whole dose, which of course I should not have ventured to give anybody unaccustomed to drugs."

"It appeared to me to take effect very quickly, but I did not flatter myself on the point, until my next fee became due, when, finding that my patient did not stir, I rose softly, put on my hat and coat and turning down the lamp felt my way downstairs in the dark and let myself out of the house."

"As I walked home I told myself that I had secured a desirable patient and I already given him some reason to have faith in my powers. The four half sovereigns jingled pleasantly in my pocket, and I had still time left to get a good sleep before it was necessary to begin the day's work."

"But rest was not for me yet a while. As I opened my own door with a latch key, a single glance at the hall was sufficient to put another complexion on the case, and I strode rapidly through the house, to find that it had been ransacked from top to bottom."

"My old friend with the insomnia was simply the accomplice of a gang of burglars, who had taken this means to keep me out of the way while his friends removed the greater part of my portable property. It seemed to me as if they must have taken it away in a furniture van."

"I hurried off at once to the neighboring police station, and the inspector in charge looked serious."

"It seems like the work of a gang that we have been hearing of for some time, but that we can't get hold of," he said.

"Well, I think I can take you to a house where you can find one of the gang," I said, and told him briefly of my patient."

"The policeman smiled a superior smile."

"He is one of the gang without doubt, as well as the lad who brought his message, but you won't find him at the house now. You will find that he has taken the room furnished for a day or two, and vanished the instant you left the place."

"I have no doubt that was the plan, I said; but I happened to give the gentleman a dose which, if he isn't as used to drugs as he pretend, will keep him asleep for a week."

"And did you find him?" I asked, when Macpherson had reached this point in his story, and the famous physician nodded."

"Yes, exactly as I left him. As we thought, he was a notorious criminal, and his arrest led of that of the whole gang, and, what was of more importance to me, the recovery of my fortune. It has often made me smile to think of my little sleeping draught effecting what the whole police force of the metropolis had been trying to do for months. I call it the triumph of medicine."—*Poll Mall Budget.*

A Noble Life.

John Kitto was a puny, sickly child of a poverty-stricken family in Plymouth, England. He was sent to a charity school for a short time. He learned to read and to enjoy reading such works as Gulliver's Travels, and Pilgrim's Progress. His father, once a capable mason, sunk into poverty by intemperance, took the boy to help him in his trade. While carrying a man's load, though a boy of 13, he fell from a ladder 35 feet, to a stone pavement. He was taken up insensible. He lay unconscious for two weeks. The accident destroyed his hearing. He never again heard a sound."

Puny in body, deaf, so poor as to be sent to the work-house, so old in appearance as to be the butt for the jeers of his fellow-paupers, what hopes did life hold out?"

He says:—"A desire for improvement seized me. I counted that day lost in which I made no progress. The exercise of the intellectual faculties gives delight."

Now and then a penny was given him. He occasionally waded in the mud of the river and found scraps of old iron which he sold for half a penny. He hoarded his pence, bought books, studied at night, and tried his hand at composition. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker. His master was so cruel that he wrote to the overseers of the work-house. They investigated his case and returned him to the work-house. Feeling that he had released himself from that tyrant master by his own efforts, the use of his pen, he felt conscious of mental power and encouraged to mental culture, trained himself in writing, and secured employment from Charles Knight, the great London publisher. Here he wrote "The Deaf Traveler," "The Pictorial Bible," "The Lost Sense," and many other volumes. His fame spread over Europe and America. His books are still widely read; his life is a rich legacy to the world. It shows that man is the master of circumstances; but poverty, disease, even isolation itself, cannot keep down the mind bent on improvement. What a valuable lesson for the youth of to-day! In every brain with good lining, there are powers and energies that may prove a world-wide blessing.—*The Educational Independent.*

Subduing a Terror.

"I'm the best man on this train!" shouted an intoxicated woodsman as he swaggered into the smoking car at a little way station on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg."

"I'm the best man on this train!" he repeated, and smacked his fists fiercely."

As he repeated the assertion with additional emphasis a dude who was smoking a cigarette sneaked into another car and the other passengers wore a troubled look. But a man on a back seat, who lives in Bradford, walked up to the would-be terror and said calmly:

"Stranger, you say you are the best man on the train. If that is the case, what's the use making such a fuss about it? I think you are the worst man on the train—certainly the worst behaved. When I see a fellow acting like you are doing I set him down as a cowardly bully and a miserable, sneaking cur. Now sit down."

The terror had evidently received a serious set back, but he didn't like to appear to be too easily subdued. So he said:

"Think you are a better man than I am, do you?"

"I should hope so," said the other."

"You're a liar!" exclaimed the terror, and made a pass at him."

That is where he made the mistake. The gentleman from Bradford let go with his right and sent the fellow sprawling against the iron portion of a seat, cutting his head so that it required five stitches to sew up the gash. After he had recovered somewhat and began to realize what had happened he said:

"I didn't think the dashed thing was loaded."—*Exc.*

A Singular Notice.

If we are to believe the *Allanta Constitution* the following notice was once put up on the door of a country church:

"Notice—There will be preaching in this house, Providence permitting, Sunday; and there will be preaching here, whether or no, on the Monday following, upon the subject: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned at precisely half-past three o'clock in the afternoon.'"

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

There are very few mutes here, only three besides the writer—so it is somewhat lonely here. Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Bastian live in a nice cottage of their own; just on the edge of one of the hills below which the denser part of this town lies. It gives them a magnificent view of the underlying town and the hills and mountains in the distance. Mrs. Bastian's father deeded the property to them. With them lives Miss Maggie Nolan, and their three children, two boys and one girl; 6, 9 and 11 years old respectively. They are all bright and lively children, and their parents (and Miss Nolan, too) dote on them. Both of Mrs. B.'s parents are alive and quite hearty looking, considering their ages. Mrs. B.'s brother conducts a drug-store here, but has not been attending to the work, as he has been laid up, but is now up and much better. The weather in this region is said to be very severe in winter, sometimes thirty-five below zero, and snow is usually deep, sleighing and skating being good nearly all through the winter."

This town is built on hills, its streets are up or down, which has given to some of the inhabitants a peculiar gait, which the level floor of the corridor of this hotel does not eliminate, it is as if they expected to put their feet down on furrows on the floor, and slinging their legs from the knee down like a flail, and lurching their sides to and fro at each step. I am told it is only confined to the farmers. This town is credited with 6859 population. There is one mountain just across the Connecticut River, five minutes, walk from this hotel that is in Chesterfield, N. H., Mt. Wantastiquet about 1103 feet above sea level, or a two mile walk following the trail from base to top, and several of less height near by. This State is prohibitional, but one is served with anything on the sly."

By the by, what's the matter with the two hundred or so of mutes in Buffalo, we rarely hear of them. There is very little reason for them not to write occasionally for the JOURNAL, seeing that the gentle sex have the smartest number among themselves, and ladies are supposed to have more time than the gentlemen. CHRIS.

Ten Wonders of Labour.

The *Stone Trade News* considers the ten most remarkable works of human labour:

1. The pyramids of Egypt, the largest of which, near Cairo, known as the great pyramid, built by Cheops, King of Egypt, took 350,000 men twenty years to build."

2. The artificial reservoir (Lake Meoris) built by Amenemha, of the twelfth dynasty, which serves to store up the waters of the Nile during the season of floods and distribute them over the land during the dry season. Its circumference was 5,600 furlongs, and on its being allowed to fall into ruin, the fertility of the region became to a serious extent a thing of the past."

3. The Taj Mahal, a tomb erected by Aga, in Hindostan, by Shah Jehan, over his Queen, Noor Jehan. It is built of the purest white marble, and yet seems so airy that when seen from a distance it is like a fabric of mist and sunbeams, with its domes soaring up, as silver bubbles about to burst in the sun, and even after you have touched it and climbed to its summit, you almost doubt its reality. It cost over £3,000,000."

4. The temple of Baalbec, in the erection of which, stones 62 feet long, 20 feet broad, and 15 feet high have been used—more prodigious masses than have ever elsewhere been moved by human power, and much exceeding in size the stones used in the pyramids."

5. The temple of Karnak, described by Fergusson as the noblest work of architectural magnificence ever produced by the hand of man. It covers twice the area of St. Peter's at Rome, and undoubtedly is one of the finest buildings in the world."

6. The great wall of China, 1,330 miles in length. It is 20 feet in height, and in thickness 25 feet at the base and 15 feet at the top."

7. The Eiffel tower, erected in the grounds of the 1889 Paris exhibition, 984 feet high."

8. The Suez Canal with 88 miles of water-way, connecting the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, and forming the principal route to India. It cost more than £17,000,000, and 172,602 out of 399,677 shares of stock were purchased by and belong to the British Government."

9. The railway bridge (the largest cantilever bridge in the world), over the Forth, with two spans each of 1,700 feet, erected at a cost of nearly £4,000,000."

10. The leaning tower of Pisa, which deviates 13 feet from the perpendicular."

E. W. Frisbee's Appointments.

DECEMBER.

15-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's Chapel, Boston.
15-9:30 P.M., Salem Society.
22-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's Boston.
22-2:15 P.M., St. Stephen's Chapel, Lynn.
23-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
23-2:15 P.M., Advent Church, Lowell.
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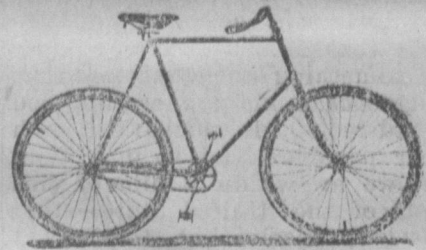
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